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POETRY.

For the Newport Mercury.

As I was passing down the Potomac one rainy forenoon on my journey southward, absorbed in Keats's Birmingham speech, suddenly the boat began to shudder and I found we were passing along by Mount Vernon. The impression produced I have feebly recorded in the following lines.

Toll! Toll! Toll!
O'er Potomac's placid wave
To Mount Vernon's hallowed grave,
Let the solemn pealings roll!
Toll! Toll! Toll!
For to-day fair Nature weeps
Where the sainted hero sleeps;
Toll! Toll! Toll!
Not for him who lies at rest
On Mount Vernon's sheltering breast
With Freedom's God his soul!

Toll! Toll! Toll!
Not for bleeding Hungary,
Who, though prostrate, still is free
In her soul!
Toll! Toll! Toll!
Not for holy Justice fled—
Not for sacred Honor dead—
Oh not yet—not yet—my soul!

Toll! Toll! Toll!
For our land's and freedom's sake,
That solemn thoughts may wake
All vain ones to control!
Thoughts of him—the noble soul—
Who from yonder silent shore
Speaks peace forevermore,
Bidding angry strife give o'er—
Slowly toll!

Mobile, Dec. 16, 1851. C. T. B.

For the Newport Mercury.

THOUGHTS.

suggested while attending service in St. Mary's Church, Portsmouth, R. I. Dec. 7, 1851.
Herald of Christ, who now thy charge art leading
To pastures green, where living waters flow
Fervent in prayer, for all now interceding
A harvest rich, may't thou hereafter know.
Bidding the aged pilgrim now to sever,
Those sins which hold his spirit trembling here
To break the chains that bind, or he may never
The welcome plaudits of his maker hear.
These who like thee in early manhood cherish
Bright hopes of life, and happiness below
Seek yet this treasure, that shall never perish
And joy unspeakable our hearts shall glow.
Based on the "Rock of Ages" temple beating,
None can remove the Church while faith stands,
The Jordan's stream in angry surges meeting
Shall make a wreck of fabrics built on sand.
And these fair buds of promise loveliness blending
Their youthful voices in the temple here;
O may they join the anthem never ending
When Christ in glory shall again appear.
And when the glorious resurrection morning
With light resplendent beams upon our sight,
May all, arrayed as in a bride's adorning,
With thee be welcomed to the realms of light.
Dec. 12, 1851. NOTICE.

AGRICULTURE.

FOOD FOR FATTENING ANIMALS.—The Shakers at Lebanon, in the State of New York, make the following statement in the Patent Office Report. They are intelligent practical farmers, and any opinion of this nature, coming from them, is entitled to careful consideration:—"The experience of more than thirty years leads us to estimate ground corn at one-third higher than unground, as food for cattle, and especially for fattening pork; hence it has been the practice of our Society, for more than a quarter of a century, to grind all our provender. The same experience induces us to put a higher value upon cooked than upon raw meal; for fattening animals, swine in particular, we consider three of cooked equal to four bushels of raw meal. Until the last three or four years, our Society fattened annually, for thirty years, from forty to fifty thousand pounds of pork, exclusive of lard and offal fat; and it is the constant practice to cook the meal, for which six or seven potash kettles are used."

AGRICULTURAL MAXIMS.—Crops are always in proportion to the manure which the farmer uses. It is not the largest area which yields most profit, but that which is best tilled, and especially the best manured.

A small farm well cultivated and well manured, will yield greater clear profit than a larger one, when the same labor and the same manure are employed on greater extent of surface. Manure is the basis of agricultural prosperity and success. With a sufficient quantity of manure, the most arid and unpromising soil may be made fruitful, and abundant in crops.

Of all manure there is none so valuable or important as stable manure; it agrees best with all soils, plants and modes of culture. Even if other more energetic manures be employed, this cannot be wholly dispensed with, and they should be used either to augment its action or replace it. Those manures are not in sufficient quantity or so universal as to supersede the use of stable manures—and as a general thing cultivation would be impossible without the aid of the latter.

SELECTED TALES.

DOMESTIC MISHAPS.

INCIDENTS OF A NEW-YEAR'S WEEK.

"Well there, I declare—it seems as if every thing I've taken hold of for a week has gone wrong," exclaimed a little fat bustling woman as her outer door was opened by a morning visitor.
"Why what is the matter, Mrs. Smith?" was the interrogatory in response.
"Well, to begin at the beginning we thought we wouldn't make any Holiday this year. You see there's nobody but husband and me, and little Hannah—poor child—and so we thought we'd take it fair and easy, and not have anything out of the common course. Let's see—this is Tuesday; well, Friday night we got a letter from Nabby, telling us she was coming down to spend New-years, but she was sorry she couldn't be here till Wednesday night, so as to help me prepare; but Mr. Johnson was so busy they couldn't come a minute sooner. Well, we thought if Nabby was coming we'd send for Isaac and his wife, and Eliza and his wife; Nabby's got four children, Isaac's got three, and Eliza's got two—so there's quite a little army of them—and, of course, we must make ready a little something."

"So I went to work Saturday, and boiled a piece of meat, and I and Hannah—poor child!—got it chopped and seasoned. Well Monday we washed, and when I looked at my long table cloth I found 'twas so yaller ('taint been used since last New-Year's day) that I'd got to wash it; and I told Hannah to go bring me the bottle of washing fluid that Nabby sent, and I'd see how nice 'twould make my table cloth look. So she brought it, and I put in a generous dose, ('twas after all the washing was done after I thought of my table cloth,) and Hannah washed it and hung it out. When she got it done, I told her the suds looked so nice; I'd just wash out my new green calico gown; so I put it in, and it turned to a nasty spotted yaller! 'Well,' says I, 'I don't think much of this washing fluid—('twas the first time I'd ever used any of it)—I'd rather have the old dumb betty.' My gown was spoiled, but I thought I'd make the best of it. 'But says I, Hannah, 'what is it that smells so much like vinegar?'

Says she, 'that's that washing fluid.' Says I, 'where did you get it—did you take it off the shelf I told you?'

'Yes,' says she.
'And did you put it back where you got it?'

'So I went and looked, and no wonder my gown turned yaller, I'd washed it not in washing fluid, but in biled cider.'

'Hannah, poor child, want to blame, the bottle of washing fluid want't there.—I'd emptied that into my mince pies! 'Now wasn't that a go! There was twenty weight if there was one ounce, of good mince meet gone to waste! I don't even give it to the hogs, with all that stuff in it!'

'Well I thought it wouldn't do to fret about it; I hadn't time. But though I've heard Nabby say again and again, that she wouldn't give a cent for a New-Year without mince pies, she's got to do without them this time. So I charged little Hannah, poor child, to say nothing about the washing fluid and biled cider, and I'd try to get something.'

I went to work and I stewed a pot of punkin and this morning I told little Hannah that she might do the ironing, and I'd fix the pies. So I beat the eggs and put in the milk, and—come to look—I hadn't a mite of cinnamon for pumpkin pies—in the house. Then I told Hannah to run to the store and get some, and I'd rub on the clothes till she got back.

'Well pretty soon she came back, and I was fixing the fire; so I told her she might spice the pies. Bime by she came to me; and says she, 'I wish you'd taste of this, for I've been eating cloves, and I guess they've bit my tongue, for I can't taste anything of the cinnamon. So I tasted, and I never—it beat all I can't tell you what it was like—but Hannah—poor child!—she'd tasted of it two or three times, and she said it made her dizzy, and sick to her stomach. I went and looked at the cinnamon, and what do you suppose it was? Yaller Snuff! No wonder it made Hannah sick! Yaller snuff! Yes there was a great mess of yaller snuff! I felt provoked enough. I thought it was a trick somebody had played upon us, but Hannah said that old Miss Jones was in the store, and bought a quarter of snuff and she supposed they'd changed the packages.'

A hard case, truly, answered the sympathizing visitor as she bustled from her neighbor's dwelling.

SMALL DEBTS:

OR, WHAT FIVE DOLLARS PAID.

MR. HERRIOT was sitting in his office, one day, when a lad entered, and handed him a small slip of paper. It was a bill for five dollars, due to his shoemaker, a poor man who lived in the next square.

"Tell Mr. Grant that I will settle this soon. It isn't just convenient to-day."

The boy retired.

Now, Mr. Herriot had a five dollar bill in his pocket; but he felt as if he couldn't part with it. He didn't like to be entirely out of money. So, acting from this impulse, he sent the boy away. Very still sat Mr. Herriot for the next five minutes; yet his thoughts were busy. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. The shoemaker was a poor man, and needed his money as soon as earned—he was not unadvised of this fact.

"I almost wish I had sent him the five dollars," said Mr. Herriot, at length, half audibly. "He wants it worse than I do."

He mused still farther.

"The fact is," he at length exclaimed, starting up, "it's Grant's money, and not mine; and what is more, he shall have it."

So saying, Herriot took up his hat and left his office.

"Did you get the money, Charles," said Grant, as his boy entered the shop. There was a good deal of earnestness in the shoemaker's tone.

"No sir," replied the lad.

"Didn't get the money?"

"No sir."

"Wasn't Mr. Herriot in?"

"Yes, sir; but he said it wasn't convenient to-day."

"Oh dear," came from the shoemaker, in a depressed voice.

A woman was sitting in Grant's shop when the boy came in; she had now risen, and was leaning on the counter; a look of disappointment was in her face.

"It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee," said Grant. "I was sure of getting the money from him. He never disappointed me before. Call in to-morrow, and I will try and have it for you."

The woman looked troubled as well as disappointed. Slowly she turned away and left the shop. A few minutes after her departure Herriot came in, and, after some words of apology, paid the bill.

"Run and get this bill changed into silver for me," said the shoemaker, to his boy, the moment his customer had departed.

"Now," said he, as soon as the silver was placed in his hands, "take two dollars to Mrs. Lee, and three to Mr. Weaver across the street. Tell Mr. Weaver that I am obliged to him for having loaned it to me this morning, and sorry that I hadn't as much in the house when he sent for it an hour ago."

"I wish I had it, Mrs. Elden. But I assure you that I have not," said Mr. Weaver, the tailor. "I paid out the last dollar just before you came in. But call in to-morrow and you shall have the money, to a certainty."

"But what am I to do to-day? I haven't a cent to bless myself with; and I owe so much to the grocers, where I deal, that he won't trust me for anything more."

The tailor looked troubled, and the woman lingered. Just at this moment the shoemaker's boy entered.

"Here are the three dollars Mr. Grant borrowed of you this morning," said the lad. "He says he's sorry he hadn't the money when you sent for it awhile ago."

How the faces of the tailor and his needlewoman brightened instantly, as if a gleam of sunshine had penetrated the room.

"Here is just the money I owe you," said the former, in a cheerful voice, and he handed the woman the three dollars he had received. A moment after and he was alone, but with the glad face of the poor woman, whose need he had been able to supply, distressed before him.

Of the three dollars received by the needlewoman, two went to the grocer, on account of her debt to him, half a dollar was paid to an old and needy colored woman who had earned it by scrubbing, and who was waiting for Mrs. Weaver's return from the tailor's to get her due, and thus be able to provide an evening and a morning's meal for herself and children. The other half dollar was paid to the baker when he called towards evening to leave the accustomed loaf. Thus, the poor needlewoman had been able to discharge four debts, and, at the same time, re-establish her credit with the grocer and baker, from whom came the largest portion of the food consumed in her little family.

And now let us follow Mrs. Lee. On her arrival at home, empty handed, from

her visit to the shoemaker, who owed her two dollars for work, she found a young girl, in whose pale face were many marks of suffering and care, awaiting her return.

"I'm very sorry, Harriet, but Mr. Grant put me off until to-morrow. He said he hadn't a dollar in the house."

"Do you want the money very badly?"

"O yes, ma'am, very badly, I left Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl, and a blanket wound all around her feet to keep them warm; but she was coughing dreadfully from the cold air of the room."

Mrs. Lee struck her hands together, and an expression of pain was about passing her lips, when the door of the room opened, and the shoemaker's boy came in.

"Here are two dollars, Mr. Grant sent them."

On the part of Harriet, to whom one dollar was due, a gush of silent tears marked the effect this timely supply of money produced. She received her portion, and without trusting her voice with words, hurried away to supply the pressing want at home.

A few doors from the residence of Mrs. Lee lived a man who, some few months before, had become involved in trouble with an evil disposed person, and been forced to defend himself by means of the law. He had employed Mr. Herriot to do what was requisite in the case, for which service the charge was five dollars. The bill had been rendered a few days before, and the man, who was poor, felt very anxious to pay it. He had the money all made up to within a dollar. That dollar Mrs. Lee owed him, and she had promised to give it to him during this day. For hours he had waited, expecting her to come in; but now had nearly given her up. There was nothing left but three dollars which had been sent in to him, and he had just concluded to go and pay that, when Mrs. Lee called with the balance of the money, one dollar, which she had received from the shoemaker, Grant.

Half an hour later, and the pocket book of Mr. Herriot was no longer empty. His client had called and paid his bill. The five dollars had come back to him.

T. S. A.

THE FEARFUL REVENGE.

A Swiss paper states that the beautiful valley of Chamouni has just been the scene of a terrible tragedy, the circumstances of which are as follows:—

A beautiful young girl, named Adelaide Zwert was engaged to be married to a young Chamois hunter, named Carl Bigner, to whom she had long been tenderly attached. The marriage day was fixed, but the year passed away—his promise being still unfulfilled. His evident unwillingness at length awakened suspicion in the mind of Adelaide. She became jealous and distrustful, and narrowly watched all the movements of her lover, until proof was no longer wanting that her place in his heart was filled by another, and that Carl only awaited a plausible pretext to break with her altogether.

The young girl vowed revenge—and fearfully she kept her vow.

Having seen some gun-cotton in the hands of a young druggist, by whom she was passionately though vainly loved, and whose constancy and devotion merited a better recompense, she succeeded in obtaining some from him—without of course, giving him the slightest hint of the use she intended it for. It was in appearance exactly like ordinary wadding. Carl was a great smoker, and she had often remarked that sparks from his pipe had burned holes in a large woollen scarf which he was accustomed to wear around his neck during his hunting excursions on the mountains.

Adelaide knit a double scarf, in which she introduced a quantity of the gun cotton, and this "infernal machine" of her construction she presented, with many demonstrations of tenderness, to her faithless lover, having obtained in exchange, by way of a souvenir, the old scarf he had been accustomed to wear.

Chance favored Carl for some time; but one evening he did not return from the chase; next day passed, and he did not appear. His family alarmed at his unwonted absence, sought him in different directions on the mountains, where they at length found him a lifeless and disfigured corpse—burned in the most shocking manner!

Numerous traces around indicated that death had been slow in coming, and that the unfortunate victim had struggled long in his agony.

Adelaide, on learning how fearfully she was avenged, was seized with remorse and immediately gave herself up to justice, making a full confession of the crime.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Boys out after Nightfall.

I have been an observer, as I am a sympathizing lover of boys. I like to see them happy, cheerful, gleesome. I am not willing that they should be cheated out of the rightful heritage of youth. Indeed, I can hardly understand how a high-toned useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who has not enjoyed a full share of the glad privileges due to youth. But while I watch with a very jealous eye all rights and customs which trench upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally apprehensive lest parents, who are not forthrightful, and who have not habituated themselves to close observation upon this subject, permit their sons' indulgences which are almost certain to result in their demoralization, if not in their total ruin; and among the habits which I have observed as tending most surely to ruin, know of none more prominent than that of parents permitting their sons to be in the streets after night-fall.

It is ruinous to their morals in all instances. They acquire, under the cover of night, an unhealthy state of mind; bad, vulgar, immoral, and profane language, obscene practices, criminal sentiments, a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the street after nightfall that the boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents should, in this particular, have a rigid and inflexible rule, that will not permit a son, under any circumstances whatever, to go in the streets after nightfall with a view of engaging in out-door sports, or meet other boys for social or chance occupation. A rigid rule of this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon deaden the desire for such dangerous practices.

Boys should be taught to have pleasures around the family centre table, in reading, in conversation, and in quiet amusements. Boys, gentlemen's sons, are seen in the streets after nightfall, behaving in a manner entirely destructive of all good morals. Fathers and mothers, keep your children home at night, and see that they take pains to make your home pleasant, attractive, and profitable to them; and, above all, with a view to their security from future destruction, let them not become, while forming their characters for life, so accustomed to disregard the moral sense of shame as to openly violate the Sabbath day in street pastimes during its day or evening hours.—A True Friend of the Boys.

EXAGGERATION.

If there be any one mannerism that is universal among mankind, it is that of coloring too highly the things we describe. We cannot be content with a simple relation of truth—we must exaggerate, we must have a "little too much red in the brush." Who ever heard of a dark night that was not "pitch dark?"—of a stout man that was not "as strong as a horse?"—or of a merry road that was not "up to the knee?" We would walk "fifty miles on foot" to see that man who never caricatures the subject on which he speaks. But where is such a man to be found? From "rosy morn to dewy eve," in our conversation we are constantly outraging the truth. If somewhat wakeful in the night, "we have scarcely had a wink of sleep;" if our sleeves get a little damp in a shower, we are "as wet as if dragged through a brook;" if a breeze blow up while we are in the "chops of the channel," the waves are sure to "run mountains high;" and if a man grow rich, we all say that "he rolls in money." No later than yesterday a friend, who would shrink from wilful misrepresentations, told us hastily, as he passed, that the newspaper had "nothing in it but advertisements."

Sensible Ladies.

The young ladies of Damariscotta, in the State of Maine, have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. Among the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting, we find the following:

"That we will receive the attention of no 'so styled' young gentleman, who has not learned some business or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood.—For it is apprehended that after the bird is caught it may starve in the cage."

"That we will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tipping, for we are assured his wife will come to want, and his children go barefoot."

"That we will marry no young man who is not a patron of his neighborhood paper, for we have not only strong evidence of his want of intelligence, but that he will prove too stingy to provide for his family, educate his children, or encourage institutions of learning in his vicinity."

TAPIOCA.

A milk-white substance is deposited by the juice of the mandioca root, which being collected, and hardened by exposure to the sun, constitutes the article so well known as tapioca, from which such wholesome and delicious puddings are made.—So very poisonous is the root in its natural state, that it has been found to occasion death in a few minutes when administered experimentally to animals, and it is said that the natives used it with great effect many years ago in destroying their Spanish persecutors. It has been ascertained by dissection that this poison operates by means of the nervous system, producing immediate convulsions and exquisite torment, as soon as it is introduced into the stomach. In some instances it has been used in the executions of criminals, in which cases death invariably ensued within five to ten minutes after imbibing it. The fatal principle appears to exist in certain gases which are disipated by heat. This is conclusively proved, from the harmless and highly nutritious properties of the farina, when the process of its manufacture has been completed.

It has been stated on good authority, that a single acre of land planted with the mandioca root, will afford nourishment to more persons than six acres of wheat planted in the same manner, and my own observation fully justifies this assertion. Concerning the value of the plant, Southey remarks with truth, that "If Ceres deserved a place in the mythology of Greece, far more might, the deification of that person have been expected who instructed his fellows in the use of mandioca.—Parazon the Amazon."

An Emerald Mine.

The Overland Chronicle contains the following account of an emerald mine in Egypt:—"It appears that the existence of an emerald mine on Mount Zaharah, situated on an isle in the Red Sea, has long been known. It had been worked by the Pasha of Egypt, but the operations had been stopped in the latter years of the reign of Mehmet Ali. A short time ago an English company obtained permission to carry on the digging, which promised to yield them immense wealth. Recently, their engineer discovered, at a great depth, traces of a great gallery, bearing about it evidence of extreme antiquity. Here he found ancient instruments and utensils, and a stone with a hieroglyphic inscription on it, in a great measure destroyed. It appears that, in his time, Belzoni had given it as his opinion that this mine had been worked by the Egyptians, and this discovery establishes the soundness of his remark. The configuration of the gallery, and the nature and shape of the tools found in it, is said, exhibit great skill in the art of engineering. From the inscription on the stone, so far as it can be read, it is believed that the laboring in the mine of Zaharah had commenced in the reign of the great Senosiris, (living about 1650 before Christ,) whom antiquity describes as combining the character of a conqueror with that of a prince of vast enterprise in the arts of peace."

The Horn Houses of Laas.

That the inhabitants of Laas, a city of Thibet, are devout lovers of beef and mutton is evident in a way at once remarkable and curious; for, in the suburbs of that city, the houses are built entirely with the horns of cattle and sheep. These singular edifices are extensive, solid, and present an appearance rather agreeable than otherwise; the horns of the cattle being smooth and white, and those of the sheep being black and rough. These strange materials admit a wonderful diversity of combinations, and form in the walls an infinite variety of designs. The interiors between the horns are filled with mortar. These are the only houses that are not white-washed; the Thibetans having sufficient good taste to leave them in their natural state, without endeavoring to add to their wild and fantastic beauty.

The Human Body's Power of Resisting Heat.

Many experiments have proved that the living body has an extraordinary power of resisting heat, provided it does not come into immediate contact with the burning substance. The experiments instituted by Duntze, Dr. Fordey, and others, proved that a temperature between 198 and 260 Fahr. may be borne with impunity, if the feet of the person be enveloped in flannel, which is a non-conductor of heat. The female servant of a baker at Rochefort was in the daily habit of entering her master's oven, and remaining long enough to remove all the loaves; and Dr. Brewster informs us that the workmen of Chantrey, the sculptor, entered the oven, employed for drying the moulds, when its temperature was 359, and the iron floor red hot.

Capture of the Sperm Whale.

We have read many account of the chase and capture of the sperm whale, but none so absorbingly interesting, or which have presented so vivid a picture of this exciting event, as the following:—

"Start her, start her, my men! Don't hurry yourselves; take plenty of time—but start her; start her like thunder-claps; that's all," cried Stubb, spluttering out the smoke as he spoke. "Start her now; give 'em the long and strong stroke, Tashtego." "Ka-la! Koo-loo!" howled Queequeg, as if smacking his lips over a mouthful of Grenadier's steak. And thus with oars and yells the keel cut the sea. Meanwhile Stubb retaining his place in the van, still encouraging his men to the onset, all the while puffing the smoke from his mouth.—Like desperadoes they tugged and they strained till the welcome cry was heard—"Stand up, Tashtego!" give it to him!" The harpoon was hurled. "Stern all!" The oarsmen backed water; the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one of their wrists. It was the magical line. An instant before, Stubb had caught two additional turns with it round the loggerhead, whence, by reason of its increased rapid circlings, a hempen blue smoke now jetted up and mingled with the steady fumes from his pipe. As the line passed round and round the loggerhead; so also, just before reaching that point, it blisteringly passed through and through both of Stubb's hands, from which the hand cloths, or squares of quilted canvas sometimes worn at these times, had accidentally dropped. It was like holding an enemy's sharp two-edged sword by the blade, and that enemy all the time striving to wrest it out of your clutch.

"Wet the line! wet the line!" cried Stubb to the oarsman (him seated by the tub) who, snatching off his hat, dashed the sea-water into it. More turns were taken, so that the line began holding its place. The boat now flew through the boiling water like a shark all fins. Stubb and Tashtego here changed places—stem for stern—a staggering business truly in that rocking commotion.

From the vibrating line extending the entire length of the upper part of the boat, and from its now being more tight than a harpstring, you would have thought the craft had two keels—one cleaving the water, the other the air—as the boat emerged on through both opposing elements at once. A continual cascade played at the bows; a ceaseless whirling eddy in her wake; and, at the slightest motion from within, even but a little finger, the vibrating, crackling craft canted over her spasmodic gull-wale into the sea. Thus they rushed; each man with might and main clinging to his seat, to prevent being tossed to the foam; and the tall form of Tashtego at the steering oar crouching almost double, in order to bring down his centre of gravity. Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed as they shot on their way, till at length the whale slackened his flight.

"Haul in—haul in!" cried Stubb to the bowman; and, facing round towards the whale, all hands began pulling the boat up to him, while yet the boat was being towed on. Soon ranging up by his flank, Stubb, firmly planting his knee in the clumsy cleat, darted dart after dart into the flying fish, at the word of command, the boat alternately sterning out of the way of the whale's horrible wallow, and then ranging up for another fling.

"Pull up—pull up!" he now cried to the bowman, as the waning whale relaxed in his wrath. "Pull up!—close to!" and the boat ranged along the fish's flank. When reaching far over the bow, Stubb slowly churned his long sharp lance into the fish, and kept it there, carefully churning and churning, for the innermost life of the fish. And now it is struck, for, starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his "flurry," the monster horribly wallowed in his blood, over-wrapped himself in impenetrable mud, boiling spray, so that the imperilled craft, instantly dropping astern, had much ado blindly to struggle out from this pressurized twilight into the clear air of the day.

And now abating in his flurry, the whale once more rolled out into view; surging from side to side; spasmodically dilating and contracting his spout-hole. At last, gush after gush of clotted red gore, as if it had been the purple lees of red wine, shot into the frightened air; and falling back again ran dripping down his monstrous flanks into the sea. His heart had burst!

"He's dead, Mr. Stubb," said Daggo. "Yes; both pipes cracked out!" and withdrawing his own from his mouth, Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water; and, for a moment, stood thoughtfully eyeing the vast corpse he had made.

